First of a Series on

CHILDREN OF INDIAN AMERICA

EARLY ADVENTURERS AND SETTLERS

by

HARRIET SMITH

Raymond Foundation

Museum Stories, Number 184

October 1, 1949

Early Adventurers and Settlers

The New World was discovered a long, long time ago; and for a much longer time than that, hunters in Asia had been able to see its forbidding ice mountains. This was 20,000 years ago, when the great glacier had not yet melted away from the Alaska mountains. One spring day a family hunting-party followed a herd of mammoths to the shore of Siberia. They watched the big, hairy elephants pick their way across the ice toward the coast of Alaska. When this had happened before, the hunters had always given up; but this time they were very hungry. So they followed the animals across to the unknown land. Here they killed a calf for dinner and camped by the shore, intending to cross back to their home hunting grounds the next day.

But a warm wind blew all that night, and by morning their ice bridge was gone. This did not worry them very much because they had all their belongings with them anyway—spears and spear-throwers, stone knives, and the skin clothing they were wearing. They had left no houses behind them because their whole life was a long camping trip. They were always on the move to keep up with the animals they hunted for food.

This first American family kept following the herd of mammoths as it grazed down a green valley between two long lines of ice mountains. Year after year the family drifted farther south, finding more and more wild animals and plants to eat. Other people from Asia—ancestors of the people we call Indians—followed this same route, gradually forcing southward the hunters who were ahead until some of them even reached the far tip of South America. But some of these nomad groups depended more on wild seeds and roots than on

hunting animals for food, and so they would stop off along the way wherever they found plenty of wild food-plants growing. Many stayed in our Southwest country and in the high Valley of Mexico.

Those people who went on to South America found a wonderful wild grain for food. They gathered the largest seeds and planted them, and then they came back to eat this corn when it was ripe. But they often found that while they were away animals and birds had eaten the crop. So they built houses near their fields and stayed there to guard the growing plants. Groups of farmers built their houses together in villages, for now they could grow and store food enough for many more people than could be fed by hunting.

By about two thousand years ago, many such farm villages were scattered over the highland country between our Southwest and the Andes region. In different areas the people spoke different languages. They lived in the sort of houses that could best be built out of the rocks, wood, or clay of their homeland. The people of each village had their own styles of making and decorating their clothing and the things they used in their homes and in religious ceremonies. You could tell what town a man came from by the way he dressed and spoke. All these people worshipped the gods of nature and of farming—but by different names and in different ways.

This is the kind of life you can still see in the Pueblo Indian villages of the Southwest, and we will visit an ancient pueblo in our next story.

However, more than a thousand years ago in three regions of the New World, Indian farmers developed great civilizations. These people were the Maya ("my-yah") scientists of the Yucatan peninsula, the Aztec ("az-tek") warriors of Mexico, and the tribes ruled by the great Inca ("in-kah") empire throughout the coastal valleys and mountain basins of the Andes.

This page is for your own notes and illustrations

Second of a Series on

CHILDREN OF INDIAN AMERICA

CLIFF DWELLERS OF THE SOUTHWEST

by

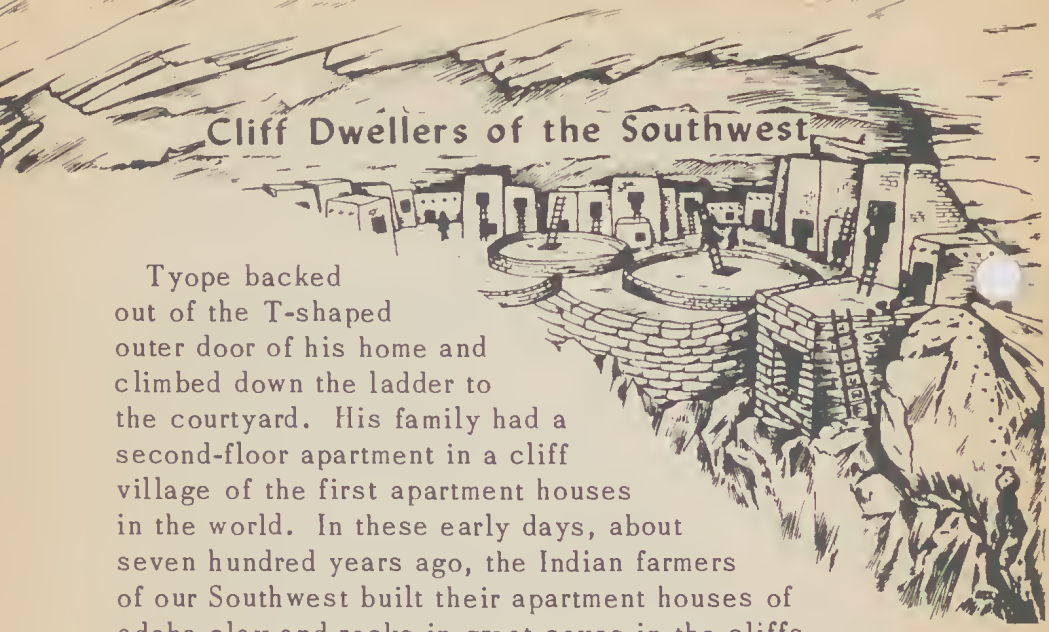
HARRIET SMITH

Raymond Foundation

Museum Stories, Number 185

October 8, 1949

Cliff Dwellers of the Southwest



Tyope backed out of the T-shaped outer door of his home and climbed down the ladder to the courtyard. His family had a second-floor apartment in a cliff village of the first apartment houses in the world. In these early days, about seven hundred years ago, the Indian farmers of our Southwest built their apartment houses of adobe clay and rocks in great caves in the cliffs that formed the sides of the flat-topped hills we call mesas (tables). When the Spanish came to the Southwest three hundred years later, they found the descendants of these same Indians still living in the same sort of houses, but they were building them on top of the great rock tablelands—and that is where you can visit the Pueblo Indians today.

On this spring morning in 1200, the Indian boy, Tyope (the Badger), had awakened early. Even before he wriggled out of his rabbit-skin blanket he could hear his mother stirring the blue corn-meal gruel in the tiny kitchen behind the living-and-sleeping room. Breakfast would be ready whenever each member of the family awoke. Tyope whispered a good morning to his mother as he slid through the narrow doorway into the kitchen.

Squatting down near the fireplace, he said grace, dropping pinches of sacred corn meal on the floor in front of him as he prayed to Those Above and Those Below to bless the day ahead. Tyope's greeting to his gods took longer than gobbling his breakfast of cereal from the small pot his mother set before him on the floor. The gruel tasted very much like our cooked cereal, without sugar or cream to flavor it.

On his way back through the main room, the boy stopped to throw his blanket over the family clothes line, where blankets and extra clothing were kept (there were no clothes closets in Pueblo homes). To get to the cornfield, Tyope had to climb down the cliff to the valley at the foot of the mesa. There was a narrow trail winding down the easier places. The girls used this trail when they carried water jars from the spring, but Tyope was in a hurry. So he clambered down the old hand-and-toe-hold trail—small pockets chipped in the steep cliff by his great-great-grandfathers and worn smooth by generations of farmers.

When his father joined him in the cornfield, Tyope was proud to show him the large patch he had already cleared of weeds. He used the sharp shoulder-blade of a deer as a hand hoe to scrape away the weeds around the young corn plants. His father followed, digging the ground with a sharp, pointed stick to keep the earth from baking too hard around the corn stalks.

In the middle of the afternoon they heard the deep, thrilling sound of drums from underground. Men were beating the drums and chanting in their religious clubhouses, the underground kivas. Tyope and his father hurried back to the village and found a place to sit on a roof overlooking the courtyard.

Soon a long line of costumed dancers started climbing up the kiva ladder and parading around the courtyard. Their headdresses of wood and feathers were painted in designs of rain clouds and lightning, of the rainbow-snake, of corn stalks and squash blossoms, and of stars and the sun—all the things of nature so important to these farming people that they believed there were special gods in charge of them.

The katchina dancers acted out the stories of these gods and of the ancestor spirits who had taught the tribe how to live and worship. This was the way Tyope learned the history and religion of his people.

This page is for your own notes and illustrations

Third of a Series on

CHILDREN OF INDIAN AMERICA

MAYAN FARM LIFE

by

JUNE BUCHWALD

Raymond Foundation

Museum Stories, Number 186

October 15, 1949

Mayan Farm Life

It was going to be another hot day in Chichén Itzá. Everyone knew that, even though it was still early morning. In the center of this great Mayan city in Yucatan, the sun made the white carved palaces and temples atop their pyramids glisten. It beat down on this religious and royal center, on the long narrow streets and the huts of craftsmen, farmers, and slaves, and on the plantations bordering the jungle.

The first one moving in the palm-thatched mud hut was Mackan's mother busily preparing the breakfast of corncakes and boiled meat. She paused and smiled. "Mackan, if you're not out of that hammock before I say 'Mighty Kukulcan, feathered serpent-god,' I'll rub chili pepper on your skin till it burns."

Mackan quickly rolled out of his henequen hammock, knotted his loin cloth between his legs, and sat down on the mat before the low table. Mackan's father soon joined him, and the speed at which the boy ate caused his father to smile.

"I've never seen you so anxious to get to the field."

"Well, Father," gulped the boy, "I thought perhaps if we finish sowing the seed early and then quickly pray for a good harvest, we might still have time to go hunting. Then I can try out my new bow and arrow and maybe catch a coati."

The father laughed. "Perhaps, and we'll take the blowgun and clay pellets for some birds."

After the boy and father had eaten and left the hut, it was time for Mackan's sister, Molik, and mother to eat. "I'm sorry I can't help with the pounding of the corn today, Mother," spoke the girl, "because I'm to report to the astronomer's daughter."

"Then brush your hair well, and fasten it with the jade pin she gave you," answered Molik's mother.

Before Molik left, her mother made sure the girl looked her best. A Mayan Indian was considered attractive if he had squinted eyes, a head shaped like a sugar loaf, filed teeth, and a tatooed body. The squint was caused by hanging a small object between his eyebrows when he was a child, and a sugar-loaf head was achieved by tying his head between boards when he was a baby.

Molik enjoyed her days as a companion to the astronomer's daughter. She felt lucky to be chosen for this position. Not every farm girl had the chance to spend her days in town in a big stucco house with painted frescoes on its walls. Then, too, she learned much there—about the stars and the heavenly bodies. She knew about the calendar and its signs. If she were apt, soon she would be able to draw them.

Molik knew that the astronomer was respected by all Mayas for his knowledge and that he ranked almost next to the king. She would try to be near when he was teaching the noblemen's sons. She felt proud when she heard him say that the Mayan nation was the greatest of all in this time, the year 1250. No other nation had so mastered the arts and abstract sciences. Other people were mere hunters or wanderers, some just warriors always looking for nations to conquer; but the Mayan Indians were eager for knowledge, desiring to build a civilization that would not be forgotten.

See the Mayan diorama in the Museum's Hall of Indian America

This page is for your own notes and illustrations

Fourth of a Series on

CHILDREN OF INDIAN AMERICA

MAYAN BALL GAME

by

JUNE BUCHWALD

Raymond Foundation

Museum Stories, Number 187

October 22, 1949

Mayan Ball Game

"Hurry up!" shouted Mackan into the doorway of the hut. "Let's get started! A lot of people have already gone by to the ball court." The boy's urging soon brought his sister, Molik, and his mother and father out of the house, and they began their long walk to the city. Other Indians were hurrying along, anxious to see another ceremonial ball game in the elaborate Mayan ball court at Chichén Itzá.

As they walked, they passed several landmarks—the cenote, the large natural well where the women had to go to draw water for household purposes; a stela, the tall stone monument with its carved writing and pictures telling of important happenings of the past ten years; and the nunnery, where the noblemen's daughters lived and worked together until they were married. They caught a glimpse of the great temple of Kukulcan, the patron god of Chichén Itzá. It stood atop a high terraced pyramid. The main stairway was flanked by carvings of the feathered serpent, emblem of the god.

Then, looming ahead were the two temples that stood at the north and south ends of the ball court, toward which an excited crowd was already streaming. Mackan and Molik scrambled to the top of a wall where they could get a good view of the smooth mortar court, which was 480 feet long. They managed to squeeze into a position in the middle directly above the stone ring, opposite another stone ring attached to the wall at the other end of the court. They knew the object of the game was for either team of players to drive the hard solid-rubber ball through one of the high stone

rings. This was a miraculous feat because the skilled noblemen who were playing were allowed to use only their elbows, legs, and hips. To touch the ball with the hands was considered a foul.

As the children waited for the game to begin, they overheard two noblemen betting on the outcome of the game—one offered his beautiful woven cloak, the other his jewelry. Then a cheer rose as the players came onto the floor, wearing their protective deer-skin girdles. Molik drew Mackan's attention away from the players to the arrival of a chieftain, impressively dressed in jaguar skins. His clothes and body were adorned with embroideries and jades, and on his head was a magnificent headdress of colorful quetzal plumes.

Then the game was on. The skillful players charged here and there, all trying to thrust the ball into the ring.* It seemed an impossibility, with the players not using their hands, the ball so cumbersome, the ring so high. There were many thrills and spills. The big hard ball would hit a player and knock him out. Then the medicine man would rush out and revive him. After a few casualties, the ball suddenly swerved toward one of the players who promptly swung into position and struck it with his knee. Up the ball zoomed, hit the wall, and, of all things, passed through the stone ring. There was a moment of silence in the stunned audience. Then the crowd roared with enthusiasm, jumped up from their seats, and, as if at a given signal, started pushing and scrambling toward the gate.

"Hurry, Molik, follow me!" cried Mackan, dragging his sister. "Hold on to your jade pin! You know the winning player and his friends now have the right to grab all the jewelry and clothing they can get from us." The two children safely reached the exit, met their parents, and returned home happily after the brief holiday from the daily chores of a farmer's family in ancient Mayan times.

**See the Mayan diorama in the Museum's Hall of Indian America.*

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Fifth of a Series on

CHILDREN OF INDIAN AMERICA

AN AZTEC BOY

by

JUNE BUCHWALD

Raymond Foundation

CHICAGO
NATURAL HISTORY
MUSEUM
FOUNDED
1893
BY MARSHALL FIELD

Museum Stories, Number 188

October 29, 1949

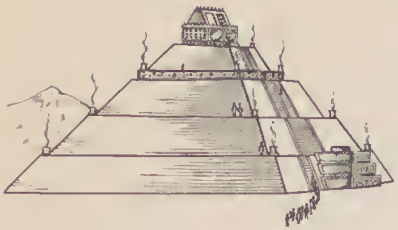
An Aztec Boy

The year was 1505, the place was Tenochtitlan (Mexico City), Mexico, and the small shadow cast on Lake Texcoco this early afternoon was caused by an Aztec Indian boy sitting on the bank fishing. Suddenly the shadow was violently shattered as a leather sandal dropped into the water. Little Coatl quickly retrieved his shoe and adjusted the embroidered strap more firmly. He straightened his loin cloth and sat down again to enjoy this brief and well-deserved holiday from the rigid training school for boys where he lived.

Coatl sat watching the dugout canoes and bamboo rafts traveling on the water, skirting the floating gardens—those man-made mud islands on which grew food plants and the beautiful flowers loved by these Indians. A mild furor behind Coatl caused the boy to turn and then laugh to see a turkey dashing toward the city with a big, angry woman in close pursuit, her sleeveless tunic flapping and full skirt billowing out behind her. She had run out of her adobe thatch-roofed hut, no doubt interrupted from her afternoon siesta by the escape of this important farm animal.

Coatl gazed past the woman and turkey to the city, where the white stucco palaces and temples on high pyramids, the green trees, the blue of the canal waterways, and the colorful garden flowers combined to make a beautiful capital city for the Aztec people. This was an unusual city, located on an island in the middle of a lake, with canals taking the place of streets. Probably the most impressive structure in the city was Emperor Montezuma's palace with its stone walls and carved woodwork, its gardens and woods, and even a zoo.

Coatl remembered the Aztec legend his father had once told him of the founding of Tenochtitlan. The first Aztecs had been ordered to travel and search until they saw an eagle eating a serpent and then to settle



Aztec temple on pyramid

there. When they reached the shore of a large lake, they saw a beautiful island. And, lo and behold, upon it was a huge eagle resting on a cactus plant with a struggling snake in its talons! With much joy they settled there and established the great Aztec nation (on the Mexican flag of today appear the eagle, serpent, and cactus).

The sound of a shell trumpet drew Coatl's attention back to the lake and across to the mainland where he saw a large group of men coming toward the island. He recognized the men as traveling merchants with their characteristic wooden staffs. They were accompanied by their porters, who carried the newly traded articles on their backs held by a tumpline that stretched across the forehead. They were probably bringing home valuable quetzal plumes, jaguar skins, amber, and precious chocolate for the Emperor; for these they had traded obsidian spear-points, rabbit-skin cloaks, and copper bells. One of the soldiers who had protected the group had blown a trumpet to announce their arrival.

As the group crossed the lake on the man-made causeway, Coatl watched with envy the soldiers in their brightly colored feather costumes. He hoped to be a warrior someday, too, for he knew the glory that surrounded the life of a soldier. He was studying now at the Calmecac, the college for the sons of nobility. He studied history, writing, astronomy, religion, and physical training, and, in addition, he helped in the temple.

Coatl sniffed the air and expertly detected the odor of cooked tortillas flavored with chili pepper, which reminded him of his hunger and that it must be getting late. With a sigh he pulled up his empty fishing line and started back to the school.

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Sixth of a Series on

CHILDREN OF INDIAN AMERICA

AN AZTEC SOLDIER

by

JUNE BUCHWALD

Raymond Foundation

Museum Stories, Number 189

November 5, 1949

An Aztec Soldier

An Aztec drawing of a soldier

It was fiesta time in the year 1510 in Tenochtitlan (Mexico City). The city's causeways were filled with happy people in colorful holiday costumes garlanded with flowers. The music of reed flutes, shell trumpets, pottery rattles, and wooden kettledrums filled the air, for the Aztec army was returning victorious from another war. Among the marching troops was Coatl, who was returning with a personal victory. Just a short time ago he had been in the Calmecac, the training school for noblemen's sons where he had been instructed in war tactics, practicing with a small shield and a flat wooden club. The club he now held was toothed with wedges of obsidian that made it a real combat weapon.

After he had left the school at the age of twenty, a war had been declared, and Coatl, with a lock of hair down the back of his head to signify that he was a beginner who had taken no prisoners, marched off with the others. Now he thought exultantly about how that telltale pigtail would be cut off in a grand ceremony because among the group of captives herded along in the triumphal march was one prisoner that Coatl had captured singlehanded. He would be further honored when Emperor Montezuma received him in the palace.

At present, however, Coatl was anxious to hurry home to see his parents and also to remove his bulky uniform. It was made of thick quilted cotton covered with a layer of blue and yellow feathers, a colorful decoration as well as a good protection against arrows and javelins. His family was waiting for him outside the white-stuccoed stone house.

Coatl's mother ran to him and hugged him, while his father tried to take him aside to hear the battle stories. But his mother managed to keep the boy's attention by telling him of the dinner she had planned with all his favorite foods—deer meat, sweet potatoes, squash, pineapple, and chocolate seasoned with honey.

Finally Coatl's little sister worked her way into the group. He asked her about her studies, and she excitedly told him how she was learning to cook and that she could spin and weave almost as well as her mother. She also mentioned proudly that she had been a good girl in school. Never once had she been punished by having her ears pricked with maguey thorns.

Then she shyly brought out a present for her heroic brother. Knowing how much he had always enjoyed fishing, she gave him a new line and hook; and there on the end of the hook was a tiny pin in the shape of a fish with scales of gold and silver. Coatl gave her a little gold pin formed like a bird with a movable head, wings, and legs.

Coatl sat down with his father on a carved wooden chair out on the patio and told how he had captured his enemy. Naturally, he did not want to kill the man because the Aztec custom was to bring back captives alive to sacrifice to the war god. Coatl, himself, was not afraid of dying, for Aztec soldiers were always assured of going to the highest heaven.

He told his father of his ambition to bring home many captives, so that he could be chosen a brave in the military order of the Eagles. He would be privileged then to crop his hair closely over his ears and wear the helmet of the eagle; and someday, perhaps, he even might command a group of men.

They were interrupted by Coatl's mother calling them to dinner. Both got up, the proud father following his young son, who was well on the way to becoming a great war hero in the Aztec Indian nation.

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Seventh of a Series on

CHILDREN OF INDIAN AMERICA

FARM LIFE IN THE INCA EMPIRE

by

JUNE BUCHWALD

Raymond Foundation

CHICAGO NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM
RESEARCH EDUCATION
FOUNDED 1893 BY MARSHALL FIELD

Museum Stories, Number 190

November 12, 1949

Farm Life in the Inca Empire

"Ho there, boy!" shouted a little old man one morning in the year 1500 as he gently prodded his llama. "Open up!" Pilco swung aside the heavy gate to admit the Indian. "Where's the gatekeeper today?" asked the old man, removing his blanket-like mantle.

"Father is in the fields gathering potatoes. We're going to the market, too."

"Good. We had a merry time last week in Cuzco. Ah, there's nothing like market day in the city, exchanging one's potatoes and corn for peppers or quinoa or just sitting in the sun chatting with neighbors and maybe sipping a little chicha," laughed the little old man, smacking his lips.

"Who wants that corn beer," Pilco grimaced, "when there is an avocado to eat!"

"Yes, and guess who will not have a taste of any fruit until he quickly waters the guinea pigs," said Pilco's father coming up with a sack on his back.

"Ah, there, Roca," spoke the old man. "Load up the llamas and let's get started for the market."

"True, true," Roca replied. "How lucky I am to have those animals. Each can carry a hundred pounds. And what would we do without their wool for weaving?"

As the men chatted, Pilco went to the house on his errand. He stood in the narrow doorway of the one-story stone house with its thatched roof and earth floor. The living room was dark and not well ventilated because there were no windows and chimneys. His sister was grinding corn on the stone metate, the only piece of furniture except the stone stove at which his mother stood. She was busily cooking thin gruel made from potato flour and water. Pilco was just about to call his pets when he sighted a slim, tall, young man running down the highway. Roca and the old man

shouted to the runner, "What's your destination?" They caught the runner's words as he dashed by.

"I—I have—fresh—fish," he panted, "for the Emperor. They—they have been—relayed to me straight from Lake Titicaca for His Majesty in Cuzco."

"Ah-h-h-h, fish," mused the old man, "I once had the good fortune to have a taste of that delicacy."

What a remarkable feat for a man to run as if with wings for six miles without stopping! Pilco wished he could be a post-runner and travel along the stone highways on important missions. But he knew he would live the same life his father and grandfather had lived. He would help on his father's farm until he was twenty-four years old. Then he would be married in the public square in Cuzco by the Emperor's representative along with the other marriageable boys and girls. He would be given a house and land to grow crops for the Inca class and for his own family.

Pilco's daydreaming was interrupted by his father. "Pilco, I suppose you've watered the animals. Otherwise you'd not be woolgathering on market day!" Pilco's speed would have put any runner to shame.

Soon all were ready, and out the gateway they filed. They crossed the deep ravine on the swinging suspension bridge and went down the mountain slopes through the irrigated terraced farms to Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Incas, the empire-builders of the Andes.

See the Inca diorama in the Museum's Hall of Indian America

This page is for your own notes and illustrations

Eighth of a Series on

CHILDREN OF INDIAN AMERICA

AN INCA SCHOLAR

by

JUNE BUCHWALD

Raymond Foundation

Museum Stories, Number 191

November 19, 1949

An Inca Scholar

The sun's rays shone through the narrow window on the Indian boy sleeping on the floor almost submerged in soft vicuna pelts. Manco stirred. Then he opened his eyes slowly and looked up toward the sun.

"Ah, Sun, it is most fitting that I see you first when I awake, for I am descended from you, Mighty Inti. I am an Inca." Manco might have mused longer on his ancient heritage, but boyish voices and the shuffling of sandaled feet fully awakened him.

"Inti, you also remind me that I must be up and ready for another school day!" And with that he dashed to a little room where other teen-age boys were vigorously scrubbing themselves with white sand in large water-filled bathtubs. After his morning bath, he quickly dressed in his alpaca tunic and threw over it a long woolen mantle. After breakfast a trumpet sounded throughout the huge thatch-roofed stone building that all Cuzco respected as the Teaching House, the college where Inca boys studied to prepare for their future public lives as members of the ruling class.

Manco, with a quipu

The trumpet was the signal for the beginning of the day's classes. Manco walked hurriedly through a long passage past several classrooms and finally reached a curtained doorway where he greeted his teacher, the Amauta, with a short bow and raised hand. Then he seated himself next to Pacha, his best friend.

"Boys," spoke the Amauta, "you are reaching the end of your schooling. You came here mere youths

with your toy soldiers and slings. Your first year you learned to speak correctly our Quechua language. The second year you were taught religion and about our great deities, the Sun, Moon, and Thunder. Last year you mastered counting on the quipu." With this, he pulled out a thick cord from which hung a fringe of colored knotted strings. "You will be able to keep accurate accounts that run even into the millions by remembering the objects represented by the colored strings and the numbers indicated by the knots. And now, in your fourth year, you are completing the course in history. You have learned many other things, and soon you will be ready to undertake the great test of manhood. Now, back to our history lesson."

Pacha poked Manco and whispered, "The honorable Amauta didn't tell us what our test would be."

Manco leaned over cautiously, "I have heard stories from others about a six-day fast after which one is required to run a four-mile foot race." Pacha drew in his breath quickly and his eyes widened. "That is not all," continued Manco. "Then all the boys are divided into groups to fight sham battles. There are contests with the sling, bow, lance, and spear-thrower."

"Oh, mighty Inti," groaned Pacha, "how can I appear courageous and endure such severe tests!"

"Ah," answered Manco, "but is it not worth it to win? For then we are entitled to high offices in the city, and we will be rewarded by having our ears pierced with a golden bodkin by the Emperor, himself!"

As Manco sat studying, his mind wandered to the future. He hoped to be a great architect someday. He was impressed by the palaces and public buildings, which had been made of stones carefully prepared and fitted together without mortar. He was proud of the suspension bridges and magnificent highways that led to the city. Only natural, then, was his ambition to become a member of the group who had built the greatest city of that time in South America—Cuzco, Peru.

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Ninth of a Series on

CHILDREN OF INDIAN AMERICA

INCA SUN FESTIVAL

by

JUNE BUCHWALD

Raymond Foundation

CHICAGO NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM
RESEARCH AND EDUCATION
FOUNDED 1893 BY MARSHALL FIELD

Museum Stories, Number 192

November 26, 1949

Inca Sun Festival

As the sun rose over the horizon, it revealed hundreds of Indians lying humbly on the great square before the magnificent Temple of the Sun. It seemed as if the whole Inca nation had assembled in its capital, Cuzco, Peru, to celebrate the most important event of all—the beginning of Intip Raymi, the Sun Festival.

Manco and Pacha and all the other boys from the Teaching House were there, dressed in their finest knee-length vicuna tunics and woolen mantles. Pilco and his father, Roca, had come from the farm; and they, too, wore their best llama wool tunics and fiber sandals. On this day the ruling class and the ruled gathered together to honor the Supreme Deity, the Sun, and also to get a glimpse of their Emperor. And it was he, the Sapa Inca, who rose first to make the offering to the Sun. What an impressive sight he was, his long, brilliant-red robe decorated with golden ornaments that gleamed in the sun and his golden ceremonial headdress crowned with towering colored feathers! The golden ear-plugs that he wore had pulled his ears down and made them big, a mark of the Inca class.

"Isn't this the moment we enter the Temple?" whispered Manco to Pacha. As if to answer the boy, the Sapa Inca, followed by the ruling class, formed a solemn procession toward the massive, low structure, which had been built of huge stones carefully prepared and fitted together without mortar.

All this time Pilco and his family had been in the back of the crowd with other common folk who were not privileged to enter the temple. However, Pilco, an inquisitive, eager boy, was determined to see the inside of this plain, stone building. So while the others talked among themselves, he stole quietly to the entrance and peeked in. The first thing that struck his eyes was a great golden disk on the wall, set with precious stones. The sun was shining directly on it,

almost blinding the boy with its golden reflection. In fact, gold seemed to be everywhere, treasured because it was thought to be "tears of the sun."

Then Pilco gave a startled cry and ran back to Roca. "Father, Father! There are men in there sitting in chairs, and they're all bandaged from head to toe!"

Roca laughed and patted the boy's head. "If you had asked before you peeked, you'd have learned those are the mummified bodies of our dead emperors."

The ceremony continued with the sacrifice of a black llama. Then it was the crowd's chance to take over the festivities, and they broke into shouting and singing. As the first strains of music were heard, Pilco wandered to the orchestra to watch the trumpeters with their silver instruments and the flutists with their bone flutes and panpipes. He wished he could be a drummer and beat the skin drum and bang the bronze gong or shake the copper bells and gourd rattles.

Manco was attracted to the rhythmic music also and dragged Pacha through the crowd to the center of the square. "Come, Pacha, let's join in the dancing." Soon their red-leather-sandaled feet began stepping, and their mantles started swaying to the lilting tune. Slowly at first they danced, then faster and faster until the boys were lost in the wild swaying of shawls, flying skirts, and wind-whipped mantles. And this was only the beginning of a nine-day festival that would be filled with dancing, singing, feasting, and rejoicing.

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